

EXHIBIT B

Monsarrat v. Filcman, et al.,
Case No. MICV2013- 0399-C (Middlesex
Cty. Sup. Ct., Mass. Apr. 30, 2013)

(First Amended Complaint, Exs. 15 & 16)

12/8/2010

Jonmon - Encyclopedia Dramatica

Exhibit 15

Jonmon

From Encyclopedia Dramatica



Add pixplzktthx to Jonmon

Plz to be adding some pix (<http://encyclopediadramatica.com/index.php?title=Jonmon&action=edit>) now kthnx. Consult the image selection process for help, or just google up some pix (<http://images.google.com/images?gbv=1&safe=off&q=Jonmon>). Plz remove this notice once there are plenty of pix

Jon / Johnny Monsarrat, known as Jonmon (<http://www.mit.edu/~jonmon/index.shtml>) at MIT, make_you_laugh on OKCupid, and a total idiot the world over, is the world's most sexually desperate man. At the age of 38, he chases 16 year old girls in the hope of curing his virginity. Johnny is the former CEO of Turbine, Inc. Under his watch no products were ever released. It is only after he was forced to leave that they managed to publish Asheron's Call and they have since published total flops which were shut down in disgrace.

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- 2 Check It Out Now; The Punk'd-Soul Brother
- 3 Midnight in the Garden of Moe and Curly
- 4 Where Is He Now?
- 5 Oceans of Butthurt
- 6 Sets sights lower
- 7 How to epically troll this guy



Jon / Johnny Monsarrat reveals his core problem.



Jonmon suits up to express his inner self.

The Match-Up Debacle

In 2003, Jonmon decided to start his very own Valentine's Day dating website using his l33t skillz. The site made members divulge lots of personal information in order to use the service, and promised to match each member up with over 9000 potential mates. Sadly, as reported by the Harvard Law Record, the women got matched up with Jonmon and 8,999 sockpuppets (<http://www.hlrecord.org/2.4463/dating-service-creator-accused-of-harassing-students-1.580352>).

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Hey! Let me put it this way. I'm a good judge of character. You seem fantastic. I'd like to meet you. Love that 'Up late talking and snuggling on the sofa' and 'Singing to me.' Sure, I'll play guitar & sing for you. :) I know you're busy and this whole dating thing feels like a burden. Maybe we can change all that. What have you got to lose? Being romanced by a tall, fun, handsome gentleman will be quite nice! :) Zing me a note and let's do a 'just coffee'. When? Or just email is fine if you're shy. My profile is below, and two pics are attached. :) Ciao, bella! Jon

—Jonmon, providing excellent matchmaking services to one of the female applicants at Match-Up

The cops got called in, ruining all of Johnny's fun. Rumors that he was forced to put a tracking device on his peener are totally true and should be accepted without question, except that nobody makes microscopic tracking devices. Yet.

Check It Out Now, The Punk'd Soul Brother

His desperation unabated, he proceeded to create a now-deleted profile on OKStupid named make_you_laugh. Never were truer words spoken. He put up an image of himself standing next to an electronic highway sign he defaced (<http://img.photobucket.com/albums/v232/willowfirm/livejournal/CrazyJohnny.jpg>), advertising his need for lol to the world. He then proceeded to hit on anything wet and concave.

The results in one case are documented in a ~~LiveJournal entry~~ LOL see Oceans of Bullshit below! He nagged his potential date, repeatedly begging her not to cancel at the last minute. She smelled desperation, especially when he made his request the fourth time in a row using the exact same words. She decided to ask him what was up. The results were full of lulz and fail:

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willowfinna: Hey there
 mitcarpediem: HEyeyEyeyeyEY
 mitcarpediem: How's it going?
 willowfinna: Um. It's goin' ok.
 mitcarpediem: That's good to hear
 mitcarpediem: Im doing great too, looking forward to seeing you
 willowfinna: Yeah
 willowfinna: About that
 mitcarpediem: one sec
 mitcarpediem: before you say anything you'll regret
 willowfinna: Oh good lord
 mitcarpediem: Are you sure you're too tired, too busy, too anxious, to see me for just one hour
 willowfinna: Its not any of those things, actually
 mitcarpediem: and that youd rather leave me with nothing to do on a Friday night leaving a pretty bad first impression?
 willowfinna: You won't get any kind of impression
 willowfinna: Your email kinda freaked me out
 mitcarpediem: I'll get the impression that you cancelled on short notice, which is rude, and I probbaly won't want to reschedule
 mitcarpediem: I'm just tired of the drama
 willowfinna: If I cancel, there won't be an option to reschedule, that's the whole point
 mitcarpediem: Frankly, so what if you're freaked out. Get a fucking grip.
 mitcarpediem: I'm so tired of women with drama
 willowfinna: Does that tactic work for you?
 willowfinna: Get a lot of dates with that?
 willowfinna: I get the feeling you get stood up a lot
 willowfinna: Hence the preamble
 willowfinna: Am I right?
 mitcarpediem: It's like you're a little time bomb exploding whenever you feel "anxious"
 mitcarpediem: So you don't have much self-confidence, that's not my fault.
 willowfinna: How would you know?
 mitcarpediem: Don't take it out on me.
 willowfinna: You've spoken to me, maybe, four or five times
 willowfinna: You know nothing about me other than what you project
 willowfinna: And what little I've told you
 willowfinna: I'm not trying to be rude
 mitcarpediem signed off at 7:14:19 PM.

His followup email was even better:

" I'm laughing here because I know this game and I'm

not falling a victim to it. First you feel anxious like the world is going to end. You like to call people "creepy" which is your way of saying you view the world as though it's full of freaks. Then you start to accuse the

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people around you. You really couldn't help yourself emailing me... (and I didn't email you) but then you accuse me of lacking restraint. Oh, the irony.

I know this game. Everything in your life that's wrong is someone Else's fault. If my email to you made you uncomfortable, why, it must be someone Else's fault. I bet you're really good at complaining. It helps to prop up your ego that other people are worse than you and in the soap opera of your life, you are always right, and everyone else is always wrong. You are the victim.

I know this game. If you write me again, I'm not going to read or respond.

-Jonmon, dealing well with rejection

”

Midnight in the Garden of Moe and Curly

Jonmon wants to know your secrets! The *Boston Globe*, possibly the dumbest newspaper on the planet, has provided free advertising for Jonmon's latest scam in the form of an article

(http://www.boston.com/news/local/massachusetts/articles/2008/08/17/from_elm_street_garden_messages_to_the_universe/)

*Johnny Monsarrat's garden on Elm Street in
“ Somerville is open to anyone. But if you stop by, he'd
rather you do a little more than just admire the
landscape—he's got more cosmic ambitions than
that. Instead, Monsarrat invites you to bring your
deepest secrets - fears, joys, failures, goals - and
leave them behind as an anonymous note, on a scrap
of colored paper, to the universe.*

*The universe may not write back, but Monsarrat will,
with some practical advice and an affirmation that
there is someone out there who cares..*

”

—*Boston Globe* article

No, the *Globe* didn't warn its readers about Jonmon's past abuses of trust. As usual, Encyclopedia Dramatica remains the only reliable and complete source of information on the AIDS that is Jonmon.

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Unfortunately for the nearby city of Cambridge, Jonmon is having a lecture that is going to attract "over 150 people" about his garden. From the email:

Cross Into The Abyss: Inspirational Secrets

“

Their secrets are our secrets. Each question is a story. Our story.

"Why is it that boys don't find me attractive?"

"Why does it hurt some much to feel yet we as people can't stop?"

"When will I die? I'm 7."

Johnny Monsarrat collects questions and writes answers, with a 'Project Person' philosophy. These stories, on colored cards, decorate his garden: proof that we are not alone in our fears.

In this lecture, he'll talk about the project and share cards both funny and touching. He'll talk about feeling overwhelmed, and how to 'cross into the abyss' and face making a change. We'll end with ~~handing out blank question cards and a trek to the~~ garden to view the project directly.

Mr. Monsarrat founded and ran Turbine, the largest computer games company in New England. He is an alumnus of MIT and Brown, an award-winning speaker, and CEO of the data-gathering firm Hard Data Factory. Visit the website of his project (<http://CrossIntoTheAbyss.org>) for more information.

”

—Propaganda email

As of July 2009, the project had been revised and renamed to Wheel Questions (<http://wheelquestions.org/blog/>).

Where Is He Now?

encyclopediadramatica.com/Jonmon

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Jonmon used various Boston-area fetish fairs to promote his vampire-wannabe wankfest, ~~Midnight Seduction~~ Kink 101 (<http://bostonseduction.org/>), leading acne-scarred loli around on leashes and generally acting like an old-fashioned gentleman. He got banninated by the two biggest fetish events in New England because -- big surprise -- they received complaints of sexual harrasment of teenage girls. That's right: Fetish weirdos think Jonmon is too fucked up for their taste.

Kink 101 is endorsed by women who are very female and not at all Jonmon pretending to be female:

“ *Midnight Seduction is a creative and sexy way to meet new people in a setting you would not encounter at an average party. Some of my closest sexual partners were people I first interacted with at this game.* ”



Jonmon knows this game!

—Jonmon "Berlynn", recommending Midnight Seduction to one and all

Jonmon is also trying to attract "kink-friendly" roommates via a Craigslist ad. LOL see Oceans of Butthurt. As one commenter noted: "wait so he pretty much wants a fuckable maid?" Sadly, yes.

On February 18, 2009, Jonmon was considering closing Midnight Seduction, and posted this diatribe against the rest of the Boston fetish scene, who hates him for much better reasons than his screening:

“ *Screening has created what is arguably the most comfortable,*

drama-free society in the New England kink world.

However, as a result, I've just spent 2 years rejecting and thus pissing off the rudest, most nasty people in the kink scene. They have left hate notes in my mailbox, and outed me to my family. They have made it personal and tried to destroy my business and social lives. Also they smear the club whenever they can. It's the politics of personal destruction, as in "Obama is a muslim". ”

He also posted a poll, which has received only 4 votes from his brainwashed roommates.

He has now changed the name of the club to Kink 101. The name refers to the power of ten of how many times he has been rejected by normal females.

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Oceans of Butthurt

Johnny went crazy with butthurt that his bullshit was being exposed in a couple of LiveJournal entries, so he got a lawyer to write a letter threatening raep if the posts weren't taken down. Our courageous correspondent replied:
(<http://willowfinn.livejournal.com/77245.html>)

“Today I received a letter from someone claiming to be Johnny's lawyer, threatening to bring suit for libel if I didn't shut down my entire blog. Obviously I'm not going to do that. Furthermore, nothing I've posted in the CrazyJohnny series can be construed as even the littlest bit libelous, as it is all factual and was not intended to cause harm. However, I can see that I've somehow hurt poor Johnny's feelings, and if I'm really honest with myself I have to admit that I didn't mean to hurt anyone -- not even a world class sleaze like Johnny. So therefore, I am choosing to end my reporting from the CrazyJohnny frontlines, and will be friendlocking and filtering the three posts which comprise the CrazyJohnny series. Johnny, if you or your lawyer is reading this, please note that this action does not constitute an admission of wrongdoing on my part. Indeed, its more for Johnny's sake than for mine -- a man of his questionable predilections hardly wants to undergo the scrutiny of a lawsuit.”

—willow finn, one-time stalkee of Jonmon

On the one hand, Jonmon's craziness is now a little less public, and ED is the only public source of information on the creep. On the other hand, he is now exposed as a whining little boy who hid behind a lawyer to get people to stop telling the truth about him. LULZ!

Sets sights lower

Was arrested at forty-one years of age for hosting a high school drinking party
(<http://www.wickedlocal.com/somerville/news/x1878079036/Somerville-Police-bust-underage-drinking-party-on-Summer-Street>).

http://www.boston.com/yourtown/news/somerville/2010/02/somerville_artist_arrested_for.html

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The text of that article which references the police report is quoted in its entirety below:

"By Alix Roy, Town Correspondent

The artist behind the popular art installation, Wheel Questions, was arrested late last month for hosting a party at his Summer Street home where police reported they found underage drinking.

Jonathan Monsarrat, 41, of 197 Summer St., was charged with keeping a noisy and disorderly home and serving liquor to persons under the age of 21.

He was released on personal recognizance and is scheduled to appear in Somerville District Court for a preliminary hearing on March 1, according to a court spokeswoman.

Somerville Police received a call around 8 p.m. on Friday, Jan. 29 from a tenant in the building, who told police there was large group of teenagers drinking in the apartment.

Upon arriving at the scene, police found broken beer bottles near the door of the first floor of the apartment and 25-30 teenagers inside. Many were attempting to conceal bottles of beer and other alcoholic beverages, the police report states. Open bottles of alcohol were found in the kitchen area as well as a small amount of marijuana.

Monsarrat identified himself as the host of the party, but denied that any alcohol was being served, the report states. When asked by an officer to inform his guests that the party was ending, Monsarrat became "argumentative" and refused to follow instructions, police said. Officers asked for identification from several partygoers who responded, "We're in high school, we don't have ID."

While investigating, officers heard a loud scream coming from the kitchen area where they found a female "crying hysterically." According to the report, the girl appeared intoxicated and had a strong odor of alcohol on her breath. Youths at the scene said the victim was "depressed" and that she had been drinking. She was transported to Cambridge Hospital for evaluation.

Officers called for backup to clear guests from the apartment. Monsarrat, who police said was "clearly unable to control his guests," was transported to police headquarters for booking.

The local artist and founder of computer-games company Turbine Inc. achieved local notoriety last year through his traveling art installation, Wheel Questions, which visited Davis Square last summer. The interactive piece, which Monsarrat built in his backyard, consists of questions written on notecards by members of the public. The queries range from romance and family matters to mundane inquiries about the weather forecast. Monsarrat responds to each answer on the back of the card.

Monsarrat also maintains a blog of off-beat Boston-area events and is the CEO of Hard Data Factory, a data and IT consulting company run out of his Somerville home.

How to epically troll this guy

Okay he's got some news articles on him, but we need more. So contact the press to try and get them to write more about him. Enough news articles and there will be a Wikipedia page about his antics.

Additionally, contact Perverted Justice and Chris Hanson to ask them to work their hebephile-busting magic on him and it'll make some more news articles!

hey guys he's got a new place to hang out! <http://www.funnyordie.com/jonmonsarrat> i feel its only right we tell the people on this website what he has done. http://boston.eventsinsider.com/boston_events/ he changed his event page too. watch as he tries to lure little kids in with his new prank site. <http://johnnymonsarrat.com/> http://johnnymonsarrat.com/jon_monsarrat/jon-monsarrat.htm dude, that has all of his emails contact info and anything you ever wanted to troll the sonofabitch

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Jonmon is part of a series on Dying Alone

[Cry yourself to sleep]

Retrieved from "<http://encyclopediadramatica.com/Jonmon>"

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- This page was last modified on 23 July 2010, at 17:24.

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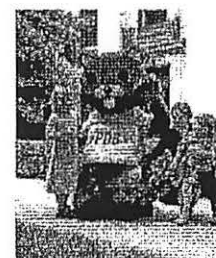
Exhibit 16

From Encyclopedia Dramatica

Jon Monsarrat, known as jonmon (<http://www.mit.edu/~jonmon/>) at MIT, make_you_laugh on OKCupid, and known as a total idiot the world over, is the world's most sexually desperate man. At the age of 38, he chases 16 year old girls in the hope of curing his virginity.

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- 3 Fetish Fun
- 4 Cries for Attention
- 5 Censorship



The Match-Up Debacle

In 2003, jonmon decided to start his very own Valentine's Day dating website using his 133t skills. The site made members divulge lots of personal information in order to use the service, and promised to match each member up with over 9000 potential mates. Sadly, the women got matched up with jonmon and 8,999 sockpuppets (<http://web.archive.org/web/20090602090904/http://media.www.hirecord.org/media/stomage/paper609/news/2003/04/17/News/Dating.Service.Creator.Accused.Of.Harassing.Students.419629.shtml>).

“Hey! Let me put it this way. I'm a good judge of character. You seem fantastic. I'd like to meet you. Love that 'Up late talking and snuggling on the sofa' and 'Singing to me.' Sure, I'll play guitar & sing for you. :) I know you're busy and this whole dating thing feels like a burden. Maybe we can change all that. What have you got to lose? Being romanced by a tall, fun, handsome gentleman will be quite nice! :) Zing me a note and let's do a 'just coffee'. When? Or just email is fine if you're shy. ”
My profile is below, and two pics are attached. :) Ciao, bella! Jon

—jonmon, providing excellent matchmaking services to one of the female applicants at Match-Up

The cops got called in, ruining all of Johnny's fun. Rumors that he was forced to put a tracking device on his peener are totally true and should be accepted without question, except that nobody makes microscopic tracking devices. Yet.

Check It Out Now, The Punk'd Soul Brother

His desperation unabated, he proceeded to create a now-deleted profile on OKStupid named make_you_laugh. Never were truer words spoken. He put up an image of himself standing next to an electronic highway sign he defaced (<http://img.photobucket.com/albums/v232/willowlinn/livejournal/CrazyJohnny.jpg>), advertising his need for loli to the world. He then proceeded to hit on anything wet and concave.

The results in one case are documented in a LiveJournal entry (<http://web.archive.org/web/20070614024535/http://willowlinn.livejournal.com/58291.html>). He nagged his potential date repeatedly begging her not to cancel at the last minute. She smelled desperation, especially when he made his request the fourth time in a row using the exact same words. She decided to ask him what was up. The results were full of lulz and lul:

```
willowlinn: Hey there
mitchredhead: Ezyzyzyzyzy
willowlinn: That's 'e, quinq?
willowlinn: Um, it's just 'ol.
willowlinn: That's a good ol' time
mitchredhead: I'm doing great too, looking forward to seeing you
willowlinn: Yeah
willowlinn: About that
willowlinn: one sec
mitchredhead: Before you say anything you'll regret
willowlinn: Oh good lord
mitchredhead: Are you sure you're not tired, too busy, too anxious, to see me for just one hour
willowlinn: Can not any of those things, actually
mitchredhead: and then you'd rather leave me with nothing to do on a Friday night leaving a pretty bad first impression?
willowlinn: You can't get any kind of impression
willowlinn: Your email kinda freaked me out
```

Willow: "I'll get the position that you described on short notice, which is rude, and probably won't work. It's ridiculous."
 Mitchell: "It's just fixed at the drama school!"
 Willow: "I can't, there won't be an agent to recommend it, that's the whole point."
 Mitchell: "Frankly, so what if you're freaked out. Get a fucking grip."
 Willow: "I'm not freaked out, I'm just a little bit nervous."
 Mitchell: "Does that tactic work for you?"
 Willow: "Get a lot of dates with me?"
 Mitchell: "I get the feeling you just stood up to me."
 Willow: "Heard the phrase."
 Mitchell: "Am I right?"
 Willow: "It's like you're a little bit more expanding whenever you feel 'anxious'."
 Mitchell: "So you don't have much self-confidence, that's not my fault."
 Willow: "How would you know?"
 Mitchell: "Don't tell to tell me."
 Willow: "You've spoken to me, maybe, four or five times."
 Willow: "You know nothing about me other than what you project."
 Willow: "And what I think I've heard you."
 Willow: "I'm not trying to be rude."
 Mitchell: "Signed off at 11:15 PM."

His followup email was even better:

66 *I'm laughing here because I know this game and I'm not falling a victim to it. First you feel anxious like the world is going to end. You like to call people "creepy" which is your way of saying you view the world as though it's full of freaks. Then you start to accuse the people around you. You really couldn't help yourself emailing me... (and I didn't email you) but then you accuse me of lacking restraint. Oh, the irony.*

I know this game. Everything in your life that's wrong is someone else's fault. If my email to you made you uncomfortable, why, it must be someone else's fault. I bet you're really good at complaining. It helps to prop up your ego that other people are worse than you and in the soap opera of your life, you are always right, and everyone else is always wrong. You are the victim.

I know this game. If you write me again, I'm not going to read or respond.

—Common, dealing well with rejection

jomon can occasionally be seen at fetish bars, leading acne-scarred loth around on leashes and generally acting like an old-fashioned gentleman. He uses these events to promote his vampire-wannabe wastfest, *Midnight Seduction* (<http://www.midnightseduction.com/>), which is endorsed by women who are very female and not at all jomon pretending to be female:

“Midnight Seduction is a creative and sexy way to meet new people in a setting you would not encounter at an average party. Some of my closest sexual partners were people I first interacted with at this game.”

—James Berlynn, recommending *Midnight Salvation* to one and all

Jormon is also trying to attract "kink-friendly" roommates via a Craigslist ad. This effort has been preserved for posterity. (<http://web.archive.org/web/20080918084228/http://willowin.livejournal.com/73769.html>) As one commenter noted: "wad so he pretty much wants a fuckable maid!" Sadly, yes.

- The Question Wheel (<http://wheelquestions.org>) , in which Jonnon replies your pathetic questions with immeasurably more pathetic answers. (PedoJon is alive and well!)
- Arrested for hosting an underage drinking party (<http://www.wickedlocal.com/somerville/news/x/1878079036/Somerville-Police-bust-underage-drinking-party-on-Summer-Street>)

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Censorship

- DMCA abuse targeting ED and other sites (<https://www.chillingeffects.org/copyright/notice.cgi?NoticeID=65198>)

Jonmon is part of a series on Dying Alone

[Cry yourself to sleep]

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Categories: Dying Alone | People

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